

MANIAC GIVES YOU MORE! ● WIN A VIDEO TAPE RECORDER ● DOUBLE POSTER:
DEF LEPPARD & EURYTHMICS ● FREE STICKERS ● PEN PALS ● WIN 100 COMIC BOOKS
● SCOTT BAIO ● INDIANA JONES & GREMLINS SPOOFS ● CONTESTS & MORE CONTESTS!

MANIAC[®]

TWO ● \$1.95



0-590-33533-2

The Treasure Hunt
Is On!

**WILL YOU WIN
\$1,000?!?**

GO AHEAD... BEG US!



Nightcrawler

That's right — you can beg us to send you a fabulous red, black, and white MANIAC T-shirt — AND WE WILL!

Write us a begging letter. Tell us why you absolutely *must* have a MANIAC T-shirt, why you cannot live without one.

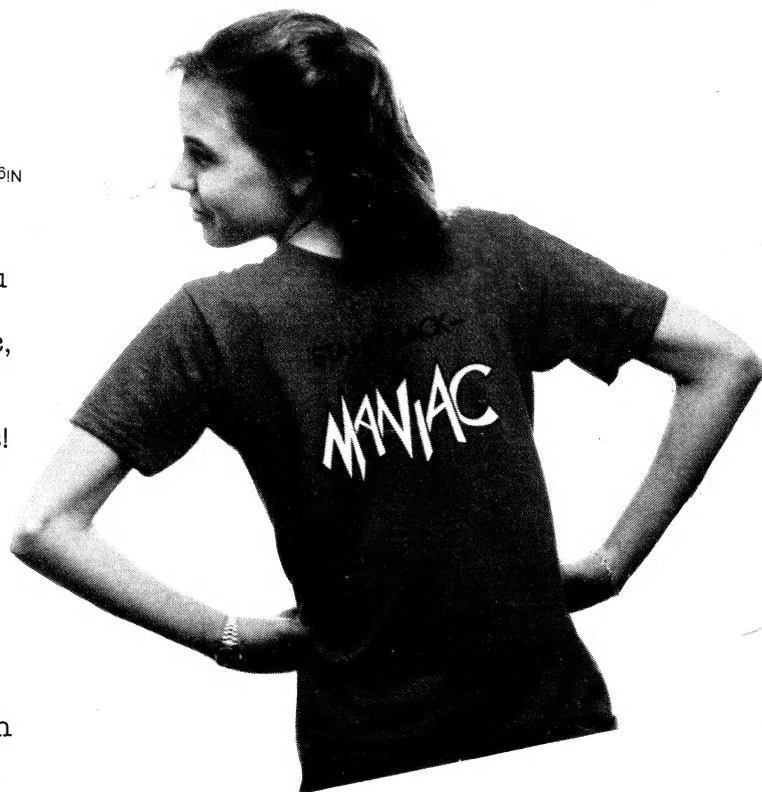
Each month, we'll pick the five most pathetic, most heart-rending, most stomach-churning letters. We'll publish them — and we'll send a MANIAC T-Shirt to each of the five lucky beggars!

Send your letter to:

**Beg for T-Shirts
MANIAC
730 Broadway
New York, New York 10003**

If you're not too proud to beg — you may soon be the proud owner of a MANIAC T-Shirt!

(Be sure to include your name and complete address. Contest void in states where prohibited.)



MANIAC copyright © 1984 Scholastic Inc.

All rights reserved. Published by Scholastic Inc., 730 Broadway, New York, NY 10003. Printed in the U.S.A.

Sorry — subscriptions to MANIAC by mail are not available.

MANIAC GIVES YOU MORE



PAGE 3

WIN \$1,000

The hunt is on for the MANIAC Treasure Chest. Can you guess the location of the treasure? It's worth \$1,000!

PAGE 8

WIN PEN PALS

Join the MANIAC Pen Pal Exchange. Become a MANIAC Pen Pal — and you might win five pen pals of your own!

PAGE 15

WIN 100 MARVEL COMICS

Find the hidden superheroes (they're scattered all over this magazine) — and win a marvel of a prize — 100 Marvel comic books!

PAGE 19

WIN A KODAK DISC CAMERA

Write a MANIAC slogan for a MANIAC sticker. If we choose your slogan, we'll make a sticker

Captain America

of it — and we'll send you a Kodak disc camera.

PAGE 38

WIN A VIDEO TAPE RECORDER

The competition is really hairy, but if you use your head in the MANIAC Hair-Do Contest, you could win a VCR!

PAGE 43

WIN A G.E. AM/FM STEREO TAPE RECORDER

Will you find the recipe for success in the MANIAC Sandwich-Making Contest? Dream up a MANIAC sandwich — and win!

PAGE 48

WIN A SMITH-CORONA ELECTRIC TYPEWRITER

You may be our lucky drawing winner. Fill out a questionnaire, send it in — and keep your typing fingers crossed!

MORE CONTESTS . . . MORE GREAT PRIZES . . . MORE FREE GIFTS . . . EACH MONTH IN MANIAC!

EDITOR:

Jovial Bob Stine.

EDITORIAL DIRECTOR:

Jean Feiwel.

DESIGN DIRECTOR:

Bob Feldgus.

PHOTOGRAPHER:

Dan Nelken.

EDITORIAL ASSISTANT:

Ellen Emerson White.

PRODUCTION MANAGER:

Nancy J. Smith.

MANUFACTURING:

Subodh Davessar.

CREDITS: Cover, Dan Nelken; 4, Wide World, UPI; 5, Chrysalis Records; 10,11, CBS-TV; 23,26, RCA Records; 24-25, Polygram Records; 36-37, Syndication Int'l/Photo Trends, Wide World; 38-Syndication Int'l/Photo Trends, UPI.

HERE'S THIS MONTH'S CHART OF THE 40 COOLEST-AND HOTTEST-AND FUNNIEST PEOPLE AND THINGS TODAY!

THE MANIAC TOP 40

<p>1. YEF LEPPARD THEY KNOCK THE SPOTS OFF OTHER ROCK GROUPS!</p> <p>2. Bill Murray STILL OUR MAIN MANIAC!</p> <p>3. GENERAL HOSPITAL STILL SICK ENOUGH FOR OUR TOP 10</p> <p>4. SOLID GOLD DANCERS</p> <p>5. ROOT BEER POPSICLES</p> <p>6. Molly Ringwald WE ♥ MOLLY!</p> <p>7. "I'M WITH STUPID" T-SHIRTS TRUE MANIAC FASHION</p> <p>8. BILLY IDOL'S BARBER</p> <p>9. CARS VIDEOS THE BEST ON MTV!</p> <p>10. MANIAC #1 ALREADY A RARE COLLECTOR'S ITEM</p>	<p>11. THE WIZARD OF OZ</p> <p>12. ZIRCONIUM THE ONLY ELEMENT FOR TRUE MANIACS!</p> <p>13. THE FLINTSTONES</p> <p>14. CYNDI LAUPER'S SPEAKING VOICE <small>SQUEEK</small></p> <p>15. GIZMO LET'S HEAR IT FOR THE GOOD MOGWAI!</p> <p>16. THE WEATHER CHANNEL BEST THING ON TV</p> <p>17. DAVID LEE ROTH</p> <p>18. ENTERTAINMENT TONIGHT FOR ALL THE IMPORTANT NEWS</p> <p>19. LaToya Jackson</p> <p>20. ROBIN WILLIAMS <small>NANU NANU</small></p>	<p>21. ALPHA FLIGHT <small>WE NEED MORE CANADIAN SUPERHEROES!</small></p> <p>22. COUNT CHOCULA SCARIEST CEREAL</p> <p>23. Trivial Pursuit WORLD'S BEST WASTE OF TIME!</p> <p>24. WINK MARTINDALE GREATEST NAME IN GAME SHOWS!</p> <p>25. Charlene Tilton CAN ACTUALLY ACT WITH HER NOSE!</p> <p>26. WATERMELON Bubble Yum A 24-HOUR NECESSITY</p> <p>27. COLA FOR DOGS</p> <p>28. PEOPLE WHO SAY: WHERE'S THE BEEF? MOST ANNOYING SLOGAN OF THE YEAR</p> <p>29. BRADY BUNCH RERUNS</p> <p>30. TRE TORNOS</p>	<p>31. HOWARD ON Hill Street Blues</p> <p>32. ERICA KANE</p> <p>33. WASH'N'DRIES A MIRACLE IN AN ENVELOPE!</p> <p>34. FRANCIS W. PARKER SCHOOL (CHICAGO) DARYL HANNAH AND JENNIFER BEALS BOTH WENT THERE!</p> <p>35. BOWERY BOYS MOVIES FOR SOPHISTICATED MANIACS</p> <p>36. MUSTANG CONVERTIBLES</p> <p>37. ANYTHING WITH VELCRO MANIACS ALWAYS WEAR VELCRO</p> <p>38. FROZEN MILKY WAY BARS</p> <p>39. PEOPLE NAMED "MIKE" <small>HII, I'M MIKE!</small></p> <p>40. LARRY "BUD" MELMAN</p>
---	--	--	--

VOTE YOUR FAVORITES INTO THE MANIAC TOP 40

HERE ARE MY NOMINATIONS TO THE TOP 40

#1 _____

#2 _____

#3 _____

WHO ARE THE COOLEST, FUNNIEST PEOPLE? THE COOLEST, FUNNIEST THINGS? USE THIS OFFICIAL BALLOT...

YOUR NAME _____

STREET _____

TOWN, STATE, + ZIP _____

AGE _____

MANIAC TOP 40
730 BROADWAY
NEW YORK, N.Y. 10003



Is it in
Keokuk?

In
Walla Walla?

In your own
back yard ? ? ?

**BE THE FIRST TO GUESS
THE LOCATION OF THE
MANIAC TREASURE
CHEST — AND YOU WIN
THE TREASURE: \$1,000!**

Join the MANIAC Treasure Hunt today!! Here are the simple rules

1. The Maniacs at MANIAC have picked a location somewhere in the United States for the \$1,000 Treasure Chest. You do *not* have to *find* the treasure chest to win. All you have to do is guess its location!

2. You may enter our Treasure Hunt as many times as you wish. Use the Official Entry Form on this page. Or copy the form onto a sheet of paper and fill it out.

3. Look for clues each month in MANIAC. We'll add a new clue every month.

TREASURE HUNT CLUES

CLUE #1: The big money can be yours with a little thought.

CLUE #2: If you could take a train, the 165 line would get you there.

(Watch for a new clue next month in MANIAC #3.)

4. The winner will be the person whose entry form containing the correct location is picked first from our mailbag. The winner will be notified immediately by mail—and will receive a check for \$1,000. No one else will be notified.

5. The winner—and the correct location—will be announced in a future MANIAC.

6. All entries become the property of MANIAC. Employees or relatives of employees of Scholastic Inc. are not eligible to participate. This contest is void in states where prohibited.

OFFICIAL TREASURE HUNT ENTRY FORM

Mail to:

**Treasure Hunt
MANIAC
730 Broadway
New York, New York 10003**

Name _____

Street Address _____

City, State, & Zip _____

Telephone _____

My guess is that the location of the
Treasure Chest is:

NO MORE PAINFUL, EXHAUSTING EXERCISE!

Swallow two **EXERCISE CAPSULES** a day, and get all the physical exercise you need—**WITHOUT MOVING!**

The Modern,
Comfortable Way It's
To Exercise

Choose from these
exercise programs:

- **Sit-Up Capsules**
- **Deep Knee-Bend Capsules**
- **Jogging Capsules**
- **Aerobic 20-Minute Workout Capsules**

EXERCISE IN A JAR

From A-Fool-And-His-Money Corp.

Making products for people who will believe anything for
nearly 500 years.



YOUR COINS MAY BE WORTH MONEY!

Calling all coin collectors!
Did you know that some
big NY companies are
paying up to *five cents* for
certain nickels?

That's true! Also, some
dimes — if you know
where to send them — can
bring you in as much as
one-tenth of a dollar!

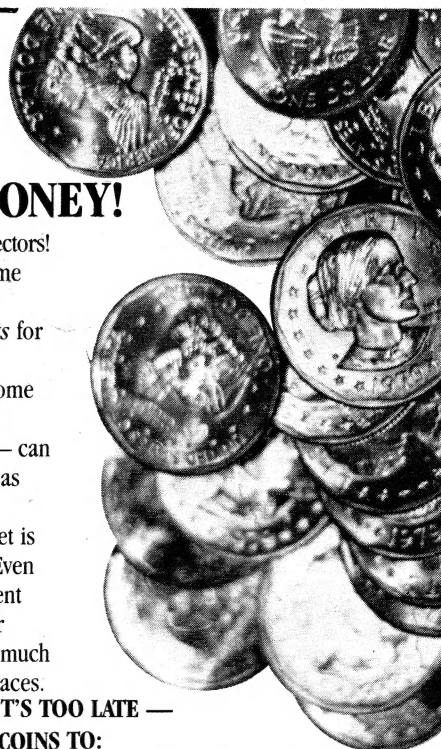
Yes, the coin market is
booming these days. Even
those annoying one-cent
pieces that fill up your
pockets can get you as much
as a penny in some places.

QUICK — BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE —

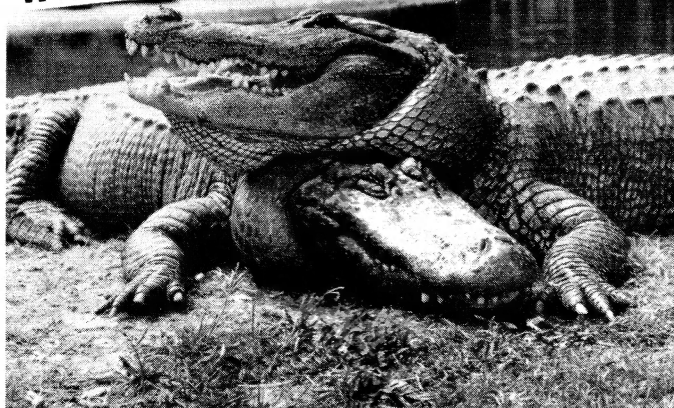
SEND ALL OF YOUR COINS TO:

GET-RICH-QUICK-
SCHNEIDER, INC.
Box 6, State of Confusion

We'll *all* be glad you did.



**TRAINED ALLIGATORS
WILL EAT YOUR SISTER!**



Hard to believe? You bet it is! That's why we can only
make this offer once. You probably never dreamed
it would be so easy to have trained alligators eat your
sister. But it is. Just pick up the phone—and we'll
do the rest.

**TRAINED ALLIGATORS
WILL EAT YOUR SISTER
CORPORATION OF AMERICA**

(Not affiliated with the TRAINED GORILLAS WILL EAT YOUR BROTHER
CORPORATION OF AMERICA.)



**At Last! YOU
CAN WEAR
YOUR LUNCH!**

No more leaky brown bags or
clumsy lunchboxes.
Amazing **FOOD LOOPS** attach your
lunch to your clothing—
or to your body.

FOOD LOOPS will not slip, will not
slide, will not tear or break. We
proudly make this guarantee:
"You will not lose your lunch."

Wear Your Lunch Today—with Amazing

**FOOD
LOOPS**

And try our other fine products:

Wear Your Uncle—with Amazing UNCLE LOOPS.
Wear Your Clothes—with Amazing CLOTHES LOOPS.

MANIACMAIL.

**TWO OF OUR FAVORITE MANIACS
SENT LETTERS THIS MONTH. . . .**

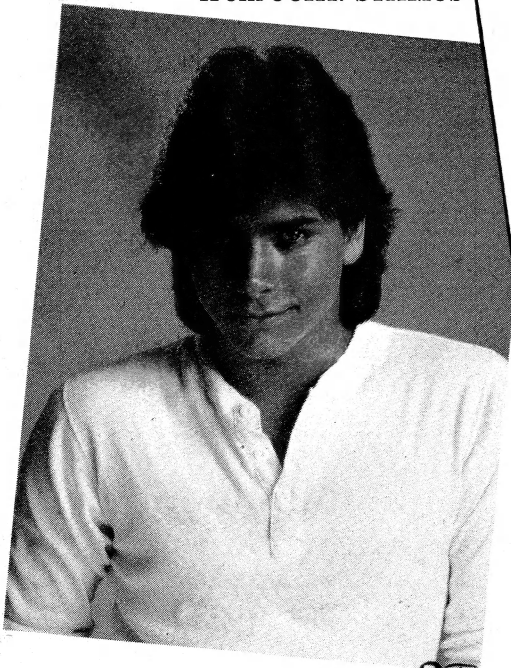
Hi
Be a Maniac
you knucklehead
Love you
Billy Idol



Power Man

A love letter from BILLY IDOL

A goooooood note
from JOHN STAMOS



AT LAST!!

There's a magazine for all of us MANIACS!
Gooooood luck!

MY BEST -
John Stamos

Thanks to all
the MANIACS
who have writ-
ten in to our
new magazine.
Have we heard
from YOU yet?

THERE ARE TIMES YOU CAN'T HELP IT — YOU JUST WANT TO SCREAM... GIVE ME A BREAK!

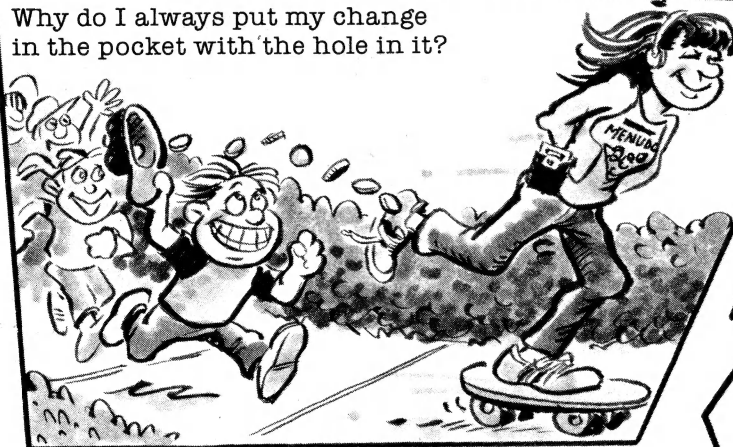
Why do I always start to tell a joke and then realize I don't remember the punchline?



Why can't I ever open the little envelope without squirting ketchup all over my clothes?



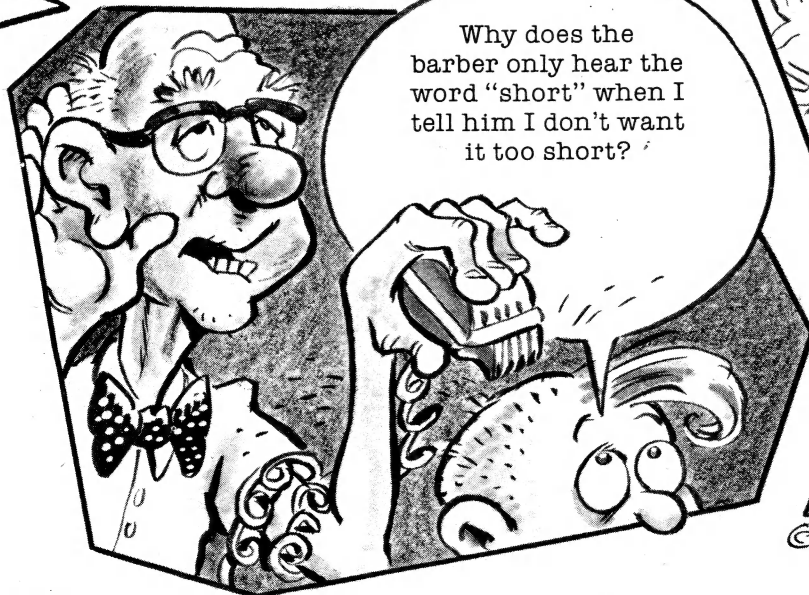
Why do I always put my change in the pocket with the hole in it?



I buy the same basketball shoes — so how come I can't jump like the guys in the commercials?



Why does the barber only hear the word "short" when I tell him I don't want it too short?



©84—bryan hendrix

MALVINA, MY CHERUB,
I HAVE SOMETHING
TO ASK YOU....
WILL YOU M

Professor X

WE INTERRUPT
"THE LOVES OF OUR
LIVES" FOR THE
FOLLOWING IMPORTANT
NEWS BULLETIN:
HAVE YOU HUGGED
YOUR HAMSTER
TODAY?

Why don't they ever interrupt
the *commercials* for "An Important
News Bulletin"? Why is it always
the last ten
minutes of my
favorite show?

Why do so
many dogs
follow me
to school?

Why does the dentist keep
saying, "I'm almost finished,
I'm almost finished," when
he isn't?!

Why do I always
think of a hundred things
to say right *after* I've
taken my date home?

With 300 seats to choose from
at the movies, why do I always
pick the broken one?

What are the frustrating, irritating, maddening
moments that made *you* want to scream — "GIVE
ME A BREAK!" Write them down and mail them

to: Give Me a Break, MANIAC, 730 Broadway, New
York, NY 10003. If we use yours on this page,
we'll send you an official MANIAC T-shirt!

The background of the entire page is a repeating pattern of stylized envelopes and pens. The envelopes are shown from a top-down perspective, and the pens are shown from a side-on perspective. Both are rendered in a simple, graphic style with bold outlines and some cross-hatching for shading.

WANT PEN PALS?

THERE ARE
TWO WAYS TO WIN
IN THE

MANIAC PEN PAL EXCHANGE

Maniacs from across the U.S. can get five MANIAC pen pals in the MANIAC PEN PAL EXCHANGE. Read the rules carefully. Then go over to the next page and write to the Maniac — or Maniacs — of your choice. You may be a winner!

THE RULES

The Invisible Girl

1. You may write to any or all of the Maniacs on the next page. Address each letter to the name of the person you want your letter to go to.
2. In your letter, be sure to include your age, a brief description of yourself, and of your hobbies and interests. Make sure you include your complete address.
3. Each of the Maniacs on the next page will receive five pen pals. These will be picked *at random* from the letters addressed to them.
4. If your letter is not one of those selected to go to one of these pen pals, you have a second chance to win. Twenty letters will be pulled out *at random*. These 20 Maniacs will be listed in a future MANIAC Pen Pal Exchange — and each will receive five pen pals of his or her own!
5. All letters and photos become our property. Nothing can be returned. Readers who do *not* win pen pals will *not* be notified. MANIAC assumes no responsibility for *anything* after letters have been forwarded to you or your letter has been forwarded to someone else. This pen pal contest is void in states where prohibited.

**WRITE TO ANY OF THE MANIACS BELOW.
THEY WILL EACH RECEIVE FIVE PEN PALS. WILL YOU BE ONE OF THEM?**

I AM 14, and I'm 5'4" tall and have dark hair. I like playing volleyball and basketball, and I like to rollerskate. I like chasing girls and listening to music. I also like to read.

WRITE TO: Carl Marchand.

I AM 13, and I am originally from Seoul, Korea. I'm a short-haired brunette. My hobbies are collecting stamps, stickers, and coins. I'm very good at sports. My favorite is basketball. WRITE TO: Lisa Choi.

I AM 13, and I have blonde hair. I'm in the seventh grade. I really like Michael Jackson. I collect pictures of anything. Some day I hope to be a singer. WRITE TO: Alana Coppedge.

I AM 12, and I have brown hair and brown eyes. People tell me that I am not at all shy. I like almost all sports, but my favorites are basketball and volleyball. I like to shop and hang out at places. And I like to rollerskate.

WRITE TO: Lisa Peahota.

I AM 12, and I am about 5'3". I like to act up in class. I go to the office about twice a month. I like snakes. I like to stunt ride on my bike. I love video games, and my favorite singer is Michael Jackson. WRITE TO: Michael Ferrer.

I AM 12, and I have freckles (ten the last time I counted). I have the usual hobbies — playing video games, getting into trouble, and stuff like that. WRITE TO: Chris Alcorn.

I AM 12, and I have brown hair and blue eyes. I am catcher for a softball team, and I like soccer. I love animals. I have a collie dog and a calico cat. I also have two Dutch guinea pigs and a baby cottontail bunnyrabbit. I like Van Halen and Motley Crue. WRITE TO: Kristin Campbell.

I AM 13, and I have blonde hair and blue eyes. I love cats. I've lived in Louisiana most of my life, though I was born in Indiana. WRITE TO: Christie Statham.

I AM 13, and I have sandy hair and blue eyes. I like to ride my BMX bike. I love hard rock music. My favorite groups are Def Leppard, Quiet Riot, and Motley Crue. I also like building models, especially planes. WRITE TO: Carson Lynch.

I AM 13, and I have light brown hair and hazel eyes. I like to jog and lift weights. I play basketball and football, and I like to read and do art. WRITE TO: Shawn Davies.

I AM 14, and I am pretty easy to get along with. My hobbies are swimming, writing letters, and entering games. WRITE TO: Margaret Sierra.

I AM 14, and I have brown hair and brown eyes. I like to ride motorcycles and play baseball. I also collect football cards. WRITE TO: Raymond Canady.

I AM 13, and I am very short so that I look younger than my age. I have short red hair. I like to ride bikes, to draw, and to write letters. WRITE TO: Kim Mingo.

I AM 13, and I have black hair and black eyes. My interests are football, basketball, baseball, and video games. I also like to read books and magazines. WRITE TO: Erik Vian.

I AM 15, and I have light brown, shoulder-length hair and brown eyes. I enjoy reading, writing, biking, volleyball, and baseball. And I like to collect most anything and everything. WRITE TO: Jennifer Qualy.

**WHEN WRITING TO ONE OF THESE
MANIAC PEN PALS, HERE'S HOW TO
ADDRESS YOUR LETTER:**

(Name of the Pen Pal)
**MANIAC PEN PALS
MANIAC
730 Broadway
New York, New York 10003**



The **MANIAC** Interview

Scott Baio

It isn't easy being an actor.
Scott just makes it look that way!

Scott Baio seems to go from one hit TV series to another. This season, Chachi has become Charles. And Charles is in charge of laughs on his own CBS-TV show. Recently, Scott Baio took a few minutes out from his heavy shooting schedule to talk to one of MANIAC's main Maniacs, Sonia Black. . . .

MANIAC: When do you most feel like a Maniac?

SCOTT: When do I feel like a Maniac? Hmmmm . . . Sometimes when I'm in a really good mood, I get pretty bizarre. I do some bizarre things.

MANIAC: Such as?

SCOTT: I run around. I throw people on the floor. I fight — you know, kid around. Sometimes when I play ball, I get to be a Maniac — if I'm having a good game.

MANIAC: Who are your favorite Maniacs in the world?

SCOTT: (laughs) Well . . . I guess . . . Jack Nicholson.

MANIAC: Do you know him?

SCOTT: I've met him. He's a true Maniac. He's unbelievable. He was standing outside a restaurant. I walked over and introduced myself, and he started talking about girls. He was very funny.

MANIAC: A lot of funny things must have happened to you while you were working on *Happy Days*. Can you remember some of the crazy things that went on?

SCOTT: Oh my gosh. We did have a lot of fun on *Happy Days*. We would sort of plan gags. I would purposefully flub a line, and Jerry Paris, our director, would run out on stage and start yelling and screaming at me. It was all a put-on, but no one else knew it.



Iron Fist

Then from nowhere he would pull out a bottle and smash it over my head. Then I would pick up a bottle and hit him over the head. Then he would fake-punch me and I would go flying over the counter.

We'd have this whole fight, and no one would know what was happening.

Sometimes we had pie fights on stage. The pies would appear from nowhere. Before we knew it, Henry and I would be tossing pies at each other. He and I got into some major spitball fights, too.

MANIAC: What question are you asked most by interviewers?

SCOTT: Who I'm dating, I guess.

MANIAC: Okay then. We won't ask that one. What are the weirdest things your fans have sent you?

SCOTT: (laughs) Oh boy . . . I get a lot of weird things from weird people. It's not too funny, actually. I've gotten . . . uh . . . well . . . could we come back to that one?

MANIAC: Okay. What's the strangest encounter you've ever had with your fans?

SCOTT: Oh, I was in Detroit. I think it was Detroit. I was making a personal appearance. As I left the stage, there were 25 po-

licemen escorting me out of the building. And even with the policemen, I was literally beaten up. Well, that might not be the right word. I was attacked by my fans.

My clothes were ripped. Everything was torn off. It was something I'd never experienced in my life. It was actually very funny. I yelled, "What are these people doing?" It was wild. The cops were all thrown to the floor, but I wasn't hurt at all. I walked out of there with just one shoe!

MANIAC: Our readers would like to know some other things about you. What TV shows do you watch?

SCOTT: I love to watch *Odd Couple* reruns. I like *Taxi*. I love *The Honeymooners*. And I watch *M*A*S*H*.

MANIAC: And what music performers do you like?

SCOTT: Billy Joel. I like the Beatles. Barry Manilow, Frank Sinatra, Linda Ronstadt.

MANIAC: Now can we go back to that question — what is the weirdest thing your fans have sent you?

SCOTT: I don't think I'd better answer that. Can I say *undergarments* in your magazine??

Vampire bats, human sacrifices, candied monkey brains — yes, there were some delightful moments in *Indiana Jones and the Temple of Doom*. But here are some moments no one got to see — until now. It's a MANIAC Exclusive....

INDIANA JONES OUT-TAKES & BLOOPERS!

Text: Jovial Bob Stine

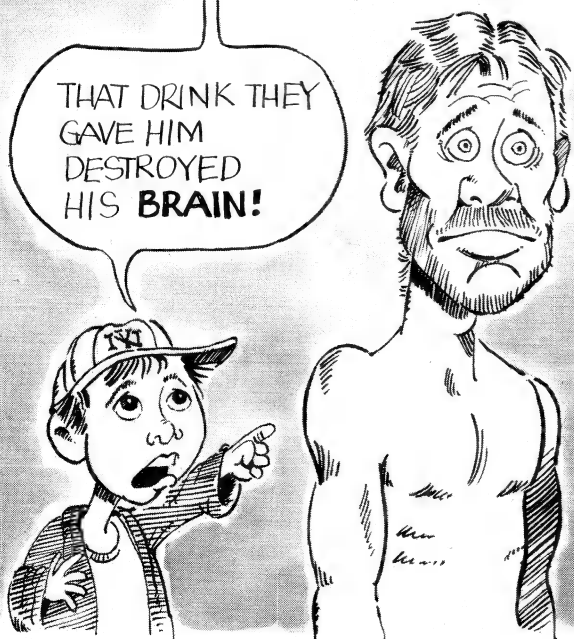
Art: Steve Goldsworthy

INDY IN A TRANCE SCENE. . . .

INDY! SPEAK TO ME! SPEAK TO ME!
OH NO! LOOK AT THAT BLANK STARE!
THAT EXPRESSION OF HORROR!

THAT DRINK THEY
GAVE HIM
DESTROYED
HIS **BRAIN!**

DON'T WORRY, KID.
IT WASN'T THE DRINK.
HE'S JUST UPSET
BECAUSE HIS **HAT**
GOT WRINKLED!



Iron Man

THE DISGUSTING BANQUET SCENE. . . .

WYLLIE, EAT EVERYTHING THEY SERVE.
WE DON'T WANT TO **INSULT** THEM.
MMM... LIVE EEL SALAD... CHOMP...
MUNCH... EYEBALL SOUP... SLURP SLURP...
MMBOY, LIVE WASPS ON TOAST... YUM!

HEY-WHAT'S THIS?



Spider-Man

SPINACH?!?

BAAARE! I CAN'T EAT THIS!
WHAT'S THE **MATTER WITH**
THESE PEOPLE?



WORRIED INDY SCENE. . . .

INDY, I DON'T GET IT. YOU FELL EIGHT STORIES
INTO A WAITING CAR. YOU JUMPED OUT OF
A PLANE RIDING A RUBBER RAFT. YOU DEFEATED
AN ENTIRE ARMY SINGLE-HANDED. **WHY** WON'T
YOU GET ON THE PLANE TO NEW DELHI WITH ME?

IT'S JUST NOT REALISTIC ENOUGH.
I DON'T THINK THE AUDIENCE
WILL BELIEVE IT!

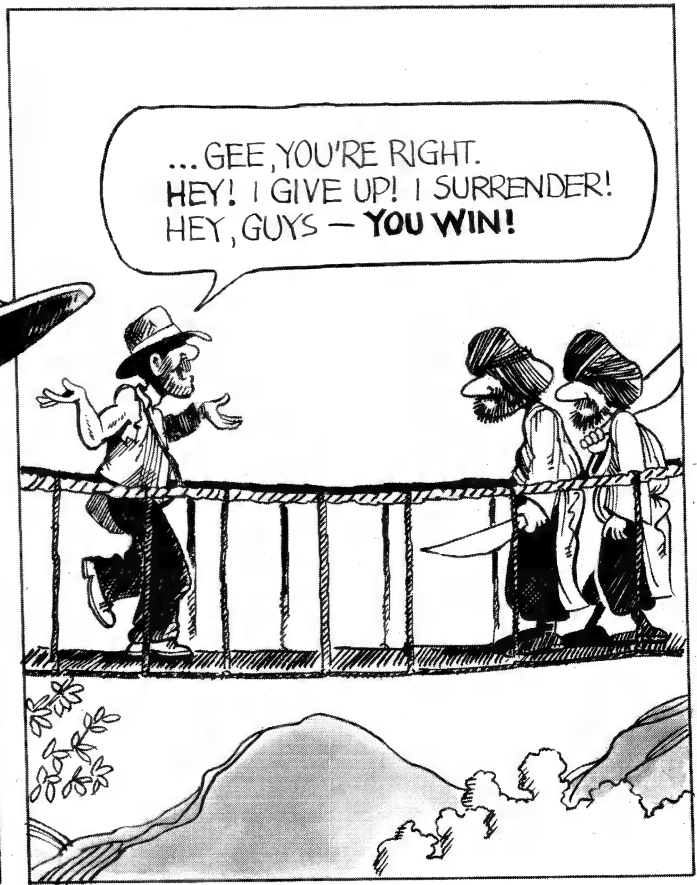
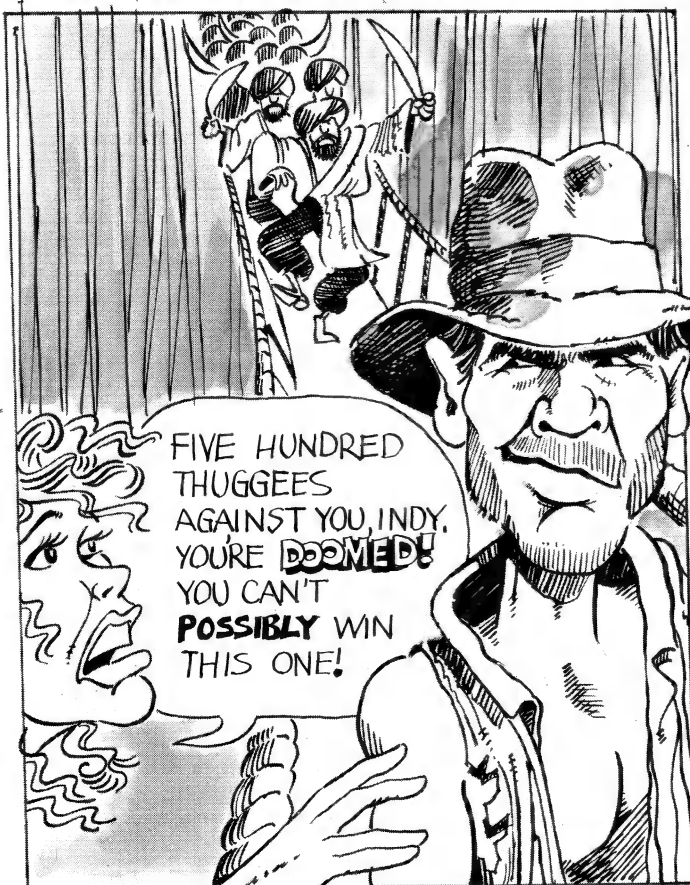


© 2004 M. J. M. M.

PULLING OUT A HUMAN HEART SCENE. . . .



THE CLIMACTIC BATTLE SCENE. . . .



FIND THE HIDDEN SUPERHEROES— AND WIN 100 MARVEL COMICS!

IT'S THE MANIAC SUPER SUPERHERO SEARCH!

Those Maniacs at Marvel Comics have given us a grab-bag of 100 Marvel Comics to give away. Put on your cape, straighten your tights, slip into your secret identity, and get ready to win! Here's all you have to do:

We've hidden the names of Marvel superheroes all over this issue of **MANIAC**. The names are printed in tiny type, and we've hidden them in some very unlikely places.

No — we're not going to tell you how many superhero names we've hidden. That's what you have to tell us!

Find all of the superhero names you can and make a list of them. In a card or letter, tell us the total number of names you found — and list them all for us. Be sure to include your name and complete address.

Mail your contest entry to:

Hidden Superheroes

MANIAC

730 Broadway

New York, New York 10003

We'll pull out all of the cards and letters with the correct total of names and put them in a big mailbag. Then we'll draw a winning entry at random. That lucky **MANIAC** winner will be announced in a future issue — and will receive 100 Marvel comics!

Use all of your superpowers — and start rounding up all of the hidden superhero names you can find. Good luck!

(Contest void in states where prohibited.)



Okay, eavesdroppers, time to see what really goes on behind closed doors at a

pajama PARTY

No, I don't think it's a good idea to get involved with a guy who keeps inviting you to climb under his car.

And then he said, "You know, when you turn all the lights off, you look just like Cheryl Tiegs."

I'm pretty sure he's playing hard to get. He told me to get lost.

Trust me. I cut people's hair all the time and nothing has ever — oh no! Hey, I'm really sorry. . . .



Have you ever tried watching MTV with the sound off? It kinda ruins it.

I know I can't stand to be with him, but I'll probably go out with him anyway. You know, there's more to life than liking somebody.

Yes, she's very immature for her age. She still wears red lipstick!

I figure the easiest way to bring my grade average up is to try for an incomplete.

He's very funny. He has a wonderful sense of humor. He makes jokes all night long. I got so tired of laughing, I just wanted to hit him!

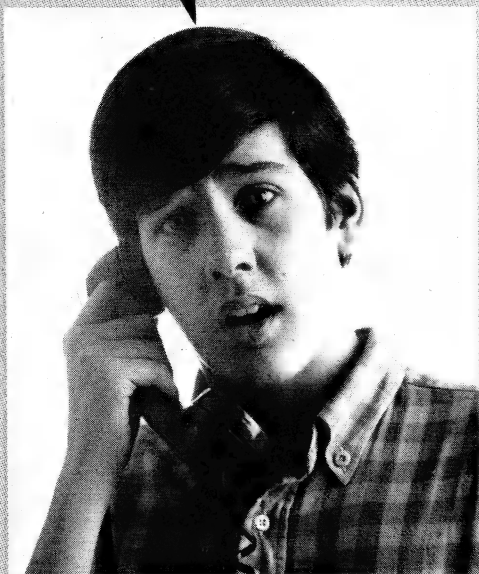
Captain Marvel



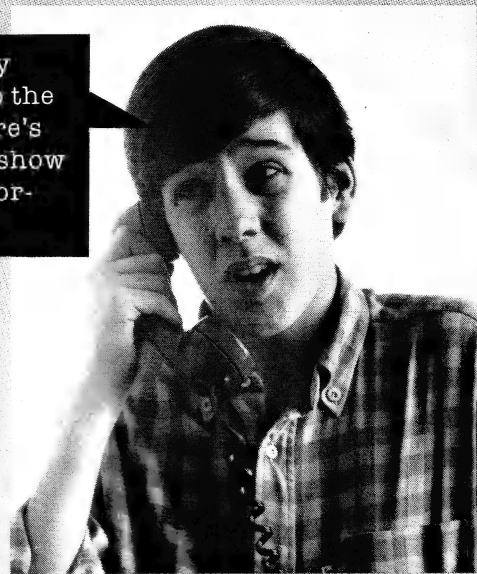
Like to listen in on private conversations?
This page is for you! It's the

Eavesdropper's Page

What?!? Cindy, you
won't go out with me
Saturday night?
Why not?!



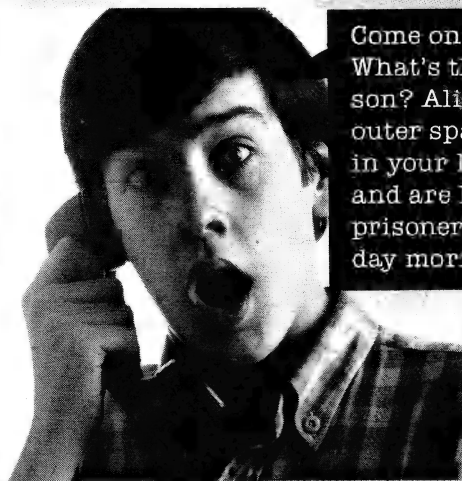
You have to stay
home and comb the
dog in case there's
a surprise dog show
in your neighbor-
hood???



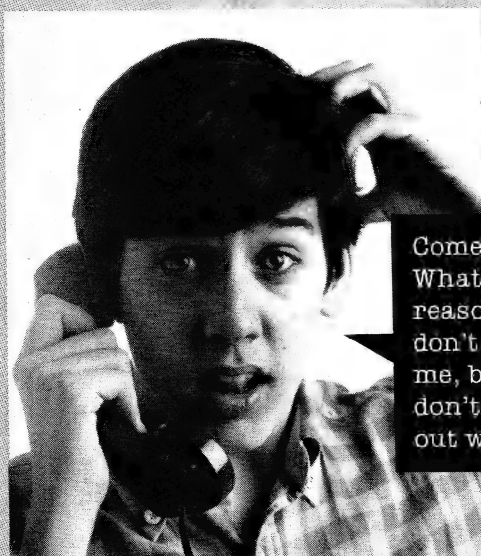
Come on, Cindy.
What's the real
reason? You
have to stay
home and em-
balm squirrels
for the Dead
Squirrel
assembly at
school on
Monday??



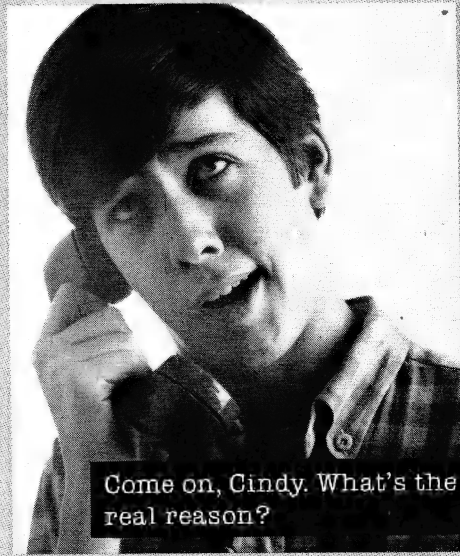
Come on, Cindy.
What's the real rea-
son? Aliens from
outer space landed
in your living room
and are holding you
prisoner until Sun-
day morning??



Come on, Cindy.
What's the real
reason? You really
don't want to hurt
me, but you just
don't enjoy going
out with me??



Come on, Cindy. What's the
real reason?



"STAND BACK — HERE COMES MANIAC!"

"MANIACS JUST
WANT TO HAVE
FUN!"

"SUPPORT YOUR
LOCAL MANIAC!"

THOSE ARE OUR SLOGANS— WHAT'S YOURS??

Write a slogan for MANIAC — and win!

If we choose your slogan, we'll use it on a MANIAC sticker! We'll also send two grand prize winners a Kodak disc camera, courtesy of the good people at Kodak.

All you have to do is sit down, take out pen, pencil, or crayon, and write a good slogan for MANIAC. (Take a look at the MANIAC stickers in this issue for some other ideas.)

Mail your slogan to:

**Slogan Contest
MANIAC
730 Broadway
New York, NY 10003**

Be sure to include your complete name and address.

We'll announce six winners in a future MANIAC. We'll have our artist use the six winning slogans on MANIAC stickers — and we'll send our two top winners a Kodak disc camera. (Contest void in states where prohibited. In case of duplication, earliest postmark wins.)



MANIAC GIVES YOU MORE!

(That's a slogan
we take seriously.)

Thor

DEAR MISS MANIAC....

DEAR MISS MANIAC:

Lately, it seems as if my friends are talking about me behind my back. When I come into the room, they all look at each other and giggle. This is making me very unhappy. What should I do?

Edith W.
Roanoke, VA

Dear Edith:

This reminds Miss Maniac of an old joke: "Yes, you're paranoid, and yes, someone *is* following you." If people stop talking when Miss Maniac comes in the room, she assumes that they are planning a surprise party for her. Miss Maniac likes surprises.

If you think your friends are talking about you, Miss Maniac suggests that you give them something to talk *about*. She recommends fake leopard skin, exotic hair dyes, and orange and green plastic jewels. If they weren't talking about you before, they will certainly *start*. And if they're planning a surprise party — you already have an outfit to wear. Think of the time you've saved!

DEAR MISS MANIAC:

I made a mistake once. I snuck out behind my parents' back to date someone they didn't like. I got caught. It was horrible.

The bad part is that he really *did* turn out to be a creep after all. The worst part is that now they watch me like a hawk! I think I've learned my lesson and paid for it too. But they won't believe me! How can I get them to trust me again?

Gayle S.
Des Moines, IA

Dear Gayle:

Miss Maniac agrees that you have a serious problem here. Once, Miss Maniac herself was caught climbing out her bedroom window, on her way to a Come-as-You-Are party. She was wearing pajamas at the time. (Also, a hat. Miss Maniac feels *naked* without a hat.) It took many weeks of skipping politely down the stairs before she was allowed to climb out her window again.

Parents, remember, are nervous people. A trauma like this is difficult for them, and you will have to be patient. Return to social success gradually. Ask them for permission to invite a friend over to watch *The A-Team*. (If you prefer, tell them that you are going to watch *Wall Street Week in Review*.) If that works out, maybe you will be allowed to visit your friend the next time, or go out to a movie, or...

It is Miss Maniac's opinion that life is full of endless possibilities.

DEAR MISS MANIAC:

Recently, my family moved to New England from Alabama. I try as hard as I can, but no one wants to be friends with me. All they do is make fun of my accent. What should I do to get them to accept me?

Sally Jo T.
Boston, MA

Dear Sally Jo:

Since Miss Maniac has spent much of her life traveling, she can understand your situation perfectly. She has met many people from many strange lands (a lot of the people were strange too, but no matter) and has sometimes found it difficult to fit in. But Miss Maniac believed the second-grade teacher who told her that America is a melting pot. Miss Maniac feels that if she doesn't make fun of people in polyester or bowling shoes, no one should make fun of the little hat she wears made out of Saran Wrap.

It is Miss Maniac's opinion that you should just be yourself and soon, the novelty will wear off and everyone will delight in being friends with you. And speaking of accents — Miss Maniac finds that whenever she is in Boston, she spends a lot of time giggling.

Miss Maniac will be delighted to answer your questions in this column. Write to: Miss Maniac, MANIAC, 730 Broadway, New York, NY 10003. Sorry — Miss Maniac is far too busy to reply to any questions by mail!

The Hobgoblin

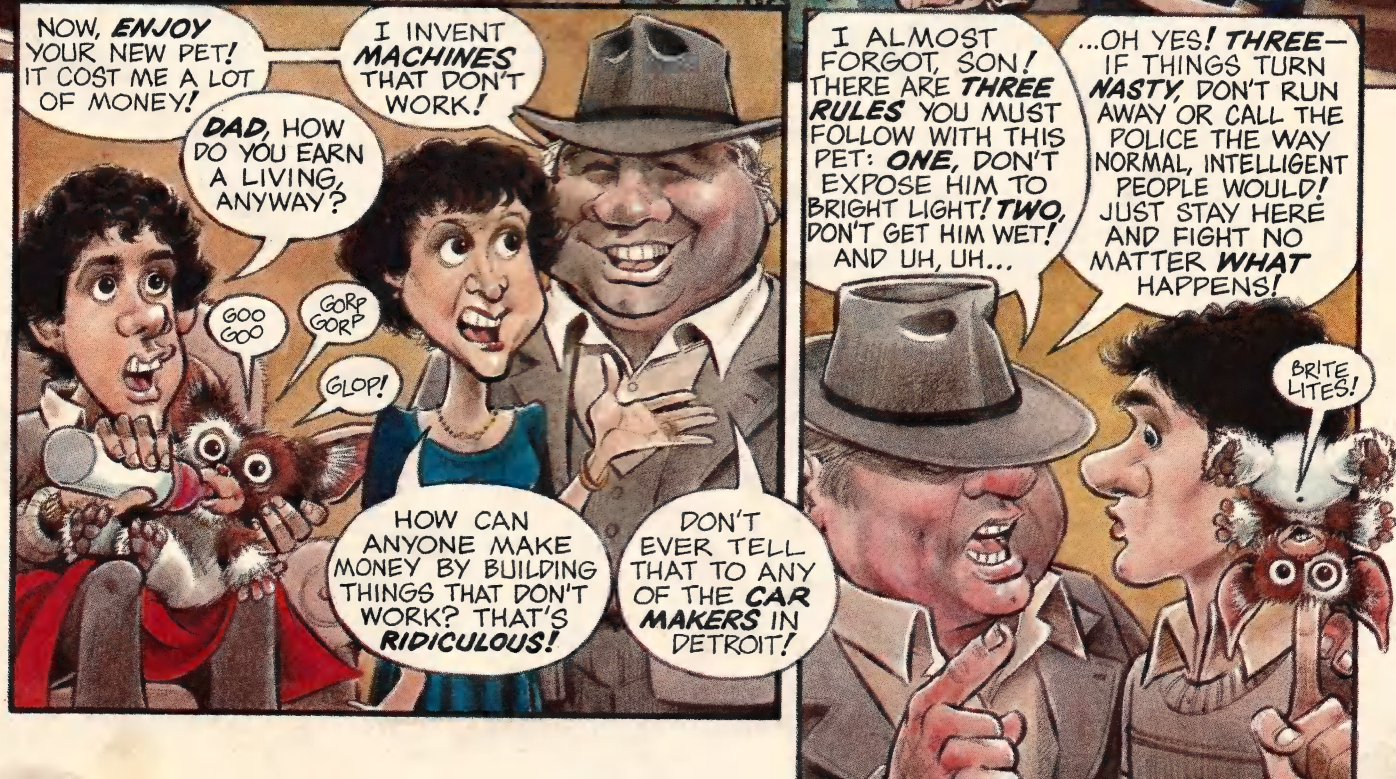
sdjop/c

Now, here's our version of that sophisticated movie for real blue bloods. The film was supposed to be about some devilish little gremlins. But most people we know found the whole thing so grim, maybe it should've been called . . .

GRIMLINS!

Text: Jovial Bob Stine

Art: Sam Viviano



LATER, BILLY'S FRIEND PETE VISITS...



BILLY GOES OUT TO GIVE THE EVIL GRIMLINS A CHANCE TO ATTACK HIS MOTHER...

SLASH!
SLASH!

IT'S FIFTY AGAINST ONE, BUT I CAN'T RUN AWAY! THAT MIGHT MAKE *SENSE*, AND SPOIL THE WHOLE MOVIE!

ERG!

STAB
STAB
STAB!

WORP!

GRIND
GRIND!

ARGGH!

I *KNOW*! I KNOW IT'S TOTALLY STUPID—SUDDENLY AN AVERAGE, SMALL-TOWN HOUSEWIFE TURNS INTO A CRAZED KILLER! BUT LOOK HOW *GREAT* THE SPECIAL EFFECTS ARE!

BY THE WAY, ANYBODY KNOW HOW TO GET *BLUE BLOODSTAINS* OUT OF A MICROWAVE? I'VE GOT TO COOK A *CHICKEN* IN THIS THING!

MEANWHILE, BILLY WALKS HIS GIRL, KATE, HOME FROM WORK...

I *HATE* CHRISTMAS! ONE YEAR MY FATHER TRIED COMING DOWN THE CHIMNEY... HE GOT STUCK INSIDE AND *SUFFOCATED*!

THAT'S HORRIBLE!

I *KNOW*! MY *PRESENTS* WERE STUCK IN THERE, TOO! DO YOU BELIEVE I DIDN'T GET THEM UNTIL ALMOST *TWO WEEKS* LATER?!

HOW DREADFUL FOR YOU! TSK TSK!



OOOH, **LOOK!**
A GRIMLIN IS
TEARING OFF THAT
SANTA CLAUS'S FACE!
DO SOMETHING!

DON'T BE UPSET!
ALL THIS GRUESOME
VIOLENCE IS SUPPOSED
TO BE **FUNNY...**
I THINK!

HEE
HEE

YOWW!

HEH
HEH!

FINALLY,
BILLY GOES
TO THE
POLICE...

YOU'VE GOTTA
LISTEN TO ME!
THESE GRIMLINS
ARE **EVIL!** THEY SMOKE
AND THEY DRINK AND
THEY STAY OUT LATE
IN BARS!

THAT
DON'T SOUND
TOO EVIL TO
ME, KID!
SORRY!

...AND
THEY PLAY
DISCO MUSIC
REAL
LOUD!

DISCO MUSIC!! PUT OUT
AN ALL-CARS ALERT! CALL IN
THE **NATIONAL GUARD!** WE
GOT A **REAL** PROBLEM HERE!



BILLY'S DAD RETURNS
JUST IN TIME TO SEE
THE MOVIE THEATER
BLOWN UP...

KA-BOOM!

IS THAT
THE GRIMLINS
ALL BEING BLOWN
TO BITS WHILE
WATCHING
**SNOW
WHITE?**

NO—
THAT'S OUR
AUDIENCE
BLOWING THE
MOVIE THEATER TO
BITS AFTER SITTING
THROUGH THIS
**STOMACH-
CHURNING**
FILM!

WELL, WHO CARES?
WE'VE GOT ALL THESE
GRIMLIN DOLLS TO SELL!
THAT'S WHERE THE **REAL**
MONEY IS! COME ON—YOU
TAKE A BUNCH, I'LL TAKE A
BUNCH! LET'S SELL
THOSE DOLLS!



**THE
END!**

What could Rod do to get Ellyn to say yes?
Every time he talked to her, all he got was . . .

THE BIG TURN-DOWN

A MANIAC short story
by Jovial Bob Stine

Ellyn reached into her locker for her *Modern History* text, and her fingers pushed into something soft and sticky. The blob was growing.

It had started out as a small, yellow wad of sticky stuff, smaller than a square of bubblegum. Ellyn had meant to pull it off the locker wall and throw it away, but she just never got around to it. Now it was the size of a tennis ball and so sticky, it took several seconds to pull her fingers free. Soon, she knew, it would grow bigger than she. It would take over the locker and begin to spread. Soon all of Pee Wee Herman High would be stuck under six feet of blobby stuff, and it would be all her fault.

She grabbed her textbook but was bumped from behind by someone she couldn't see, and she dropped the book onto the floor. Someone bumped the person who had bumped her, and then Ellyn got bumped by someone else.

"This stupid bumping fad has got to stop," Ellyn muttered angrily. It was funny at first, everyone bumping everyone in the halls all day. But it had been going on for weeks, and now it was just annoying.

Ellyn picked up the textbook. To her horror, she saw that it had sticky, yellow stuff

all over the cover. "It's growing big by sucking all the information out of my books," she told herself. Then she complimented herself on having a wonderful imagination.

Suddenly, her eyes grew wide with surprise. Was her imagination running away with her? Or was that really Rod Reelwell, the coolest guy at Pee Wee Herman High, standing in front of her, staring at her with those huge gray eyes that always made people think he was staring at them?

No. It was Rod in person. He tried to lean casually against the locker next to hers, but someone bumped him from behind and sent him sprawling to the floor.

He recovered quickly and gave Ellyn the wide, confident smile that he practiced in front of every mirror he passed. "Well?" he asked.

"Did I miss part of this conversation?" Ellyn asked herself. But she didn't say anything. She just grinned back at Rod.

"Well? How about it?" Rod asked.

She stared back at him. What was he talking about??

Finally, he shrugged his shoulders and started to walk away. "Well . . . okay . . ." he said, sounding confused. His confident grin faded until his mouth formed a small o.

Ellyn watched him walk away. Then she headed for *Modern History*. She wouldn't realize for another minute or so that her hand was stuck to her textbook.

* * *

"I can't believe you turned down Rod Reelwell," Jenny said to Ellyn. They were walking home after school, dodging and jumping away from a mean-looking, black bull terrier who had decided to follow them. The dog kept crisscrossing their path, first in front of them, then behind them, then running up to nip their legs.

"I didn't know I was turning him down," Ellyn protested. "All he said was, 'How about it?'"

"Well, of course," Jenny said. "He's Rod Reelwell, isn't he? What more does he have to say?"

"Well . . . he could ask me if I want to go out," Ellyn said.

"But that's what he did. And you turned him down. Let me give you some advice, Ellyn."

"What's the advice?"

"You blew it."

"OUCH!" Ellyn cried. The bull terrier had performed a chewability test on her left leg. "I don't care how good-looking or sexy he is. I think he was just plain rude. I wouldn't want to go out with him!"

The two girls were running

The Hulk

as fast as they could now, the vicious bull terrier having developed a taste for blood. "Well, that's good," Jenny said. "Because he'll never ask you again."

* * *

Jenny was wrong.

Two days later, Ellyn was in the lunchroom, trying to remove the celery bits from her chicken salad sandwich, when she felt a tap on the shoulder. Startled, she dropped the whole sandwich into her lap.

She looked up to see Rod, his confident grin restored, his gray eyes staring down at her.

"How about it?" he asked.

Ellyn looked down and started to remove chicken salad from her lap. When she looked up, Rod was gone.

She had turned him down again.

* * *

Ellyn and Jenny spent Saturday night at Ellyn's, listening to the TV since the picture was on the blink. "This popcorn tastes terrible," Jenny complained.

"I know. The cat was sitting in the bowl," Ellyn said, shoving a handful into her mouth.

"Do you wanna go bowling or something?" Jenny asked.

"No, I don't think so. My feet don't fit into those shoes."

"You could've been out with Rod tonight," Jenny said flatly.

"I don't *like* Rod," Ellyn said, her voice coming out higher-pitched than she had wanted. She stuffed more popcorn into her mouth. "He'ff fffffruufffe."

"What?"

Ellyn swallowed. "I said he's rude."

"He's also great-looking, has an excellent car, and everyone else in the world likes him but you. He *majors* in likable, Ellyn. You know, everyone is talking about how you turned him down. Twice. And Rod told Becky Whirling that you really hurt his feelings. You shattered his ego."

"Shattered his ego?! I didn't

say a word to him!" Ellyn cried angrily, reaching for another bowl of popcorn. "Besides, it would take a sledgehammer to shatter his ego."

"Yeccccch," Jenny said, making a face. She pulled a ball of cat hair out of her popcorn bowl.

"His ego *needs* to be shattered," Ellyn said, calming down a bit. "Imagine coming up to me and saying, 'Well, how about it?'"

"I'd rather imagine it happening to *me*," Jenny said.

"Turn up the sound, Ellyn. I

certainly don't want to miss a single sound of *The Love Boat*."

The phone rang. Ellyn picked it up.

"Hey — how about it?" a boy's voice, Rod's voice, asked.

"Mmmph mmmph," Ellyn replied. She had a mouthful of popcorn.

Rod hung up. She had turned him down again.

* * *

Sunday afternoon Ellyn was doing her Medieval Geometry homework and listening to a movie on TV when the phone rang. She didn't recognize the

"Well? How about it?" he asked. Ellyn just stared back at him in silence.



Dr. Octopus

boy's voice on the other end.

"You don't know me," he said, "but I'm a friend of Rod's. Rod doesn't know I'm calling you, but as a friend of his I thought I should. You know, Rod is very upset about you."

"Sorry," Ellyn muttered.

What could she say?

"He's lost all his confidence," the voice went on. "He never smiles. His eyes have lost all their grayness. He's having trouble talking. He can't look anyone in the eye anymore. He's too embarrassed. You've ruined his life."

"Sorry," Ellyn repeated, trying to figure out if she was really sorry or not. She decided she wasn't.

"Rod's thinking of changing schools," the voice continued. "Or he might just drop out. I haven't been able to coax him out of his room. He just stays in there with all the lights real dim. You have no idea what a blow this has been to him. What does he have to do to get you to go out with him anyway?"

"He just has to ask me in a nicer way," Ellyn said.

"He can't," the boy said. "That wouldn't be Rod. Don't try to make him into something he isn't." Was this guy for real??

"I'd like to go out with Rod sometime maybe," Ellyn said. "But he can't just come up to me and say, 'How about it.'"

"I'll pass that along to him," the voice said. "Thank you. Maybe it'll give him a little hope." He hung up.

Ellyn received three more phone calls that afternoon. Two from girls she knew who had gone with Rod. They both just called to say what a terrific guy he was. And one from a girl who asked if Ellyn would do her a favor and turn down a guy who'd been pestering her for a date for weeks because she was running out of excuses for turning him down.

The phone rang a fourth

time, but there was silence at the other end. "Can that be Rod?" she asked herself, listening hard. "Have I actually driven him to silence?"

She listened for another few seconds and then hung up. Maybe she had just turned him down for a *fourth* time!

* * *

Monday went by pretty quickly. There was an assembly in the afternoon about careers in the toothpick industry, and all afternoon classes were cancelled.

Ellyn was putting her books into her locker and trying to get her jacket out when the tragedy struck.

The sticky, yellow blob wrapped itself around her hand. And wouldn't let go.

Ellyn looked around. Most of the kids had already left. There was no one around.

She pulled with all her strength. She couldn't get her hand out. The blob gripped it tightly. "Don't panic," she told herself. But she decided to ignore this advice. She decided to scream her lungs out.

She took a deep breath — and Rod appeared. He seemed to realize what was going on immediately. He took a penknife from his pocket and cut her hand free. She was rescued.

"That was horrible! Horrible!" she cried. "I thought I was a goner."

"Yeah, it's pretty bad stuff," Rod said calmly. "It's some sort of insulating material. It expands when it gets warm."

"Oh," Ellyn said quietly. Now she was embarrassed that she had panicked.

Rod looked at her with his huge gray eyes. "Hey," he said, "how about it . . . Saturday night?"

She looked at him for a long time. He wasn't wearing his confident smile.

So she said yes.

A happy ending after all, she thought.

His confident grin returned.

"Hey, I just thought of something," he said. "I can't make it Saturday night. Gee, I'm sorry."

"Well, how about Friday night?" Ellyn asked.

"No. I can't make it Friday," he said, shaking his head.

"How about a week from Saturday night?" she asked.

"I don't think so," he said, his confident smile spreading all over his face. "I'm real sorry. Really." Then why was he smiling like that? Had he played a trick on her? Ellyn began to get furious.

"How about it . . . two weeks from Friday?" he asked.

Maybe she was wrong. Maybe it wasn't a trick.

"No thanks," she said.

His smile faded just a bit.

"Oh," he said. He seemed a little shaken. "Well, maybe I can break my date on Friday . . ."

"No, I'm busy Friday. I just remembered," she said.

"I think I can get out of what I had to do on Saturday," he said, his smile completely gone, his gray eyes filled with anxiety.

"No. Thanks," she said. She closed her locker door carefully and started to walk away.

"Hey wait —" he called after her. "Let me drive you home. No — let's go get a snack. We can talk about how you turned me down and I turned you down."

She turned and stared back at him.

"It'll be great," he said, running to catch up to her, dodging by some kid who tried to bump him. "Then I'll ask you out and you'll ask me out, and we'll turn each other down all over again."

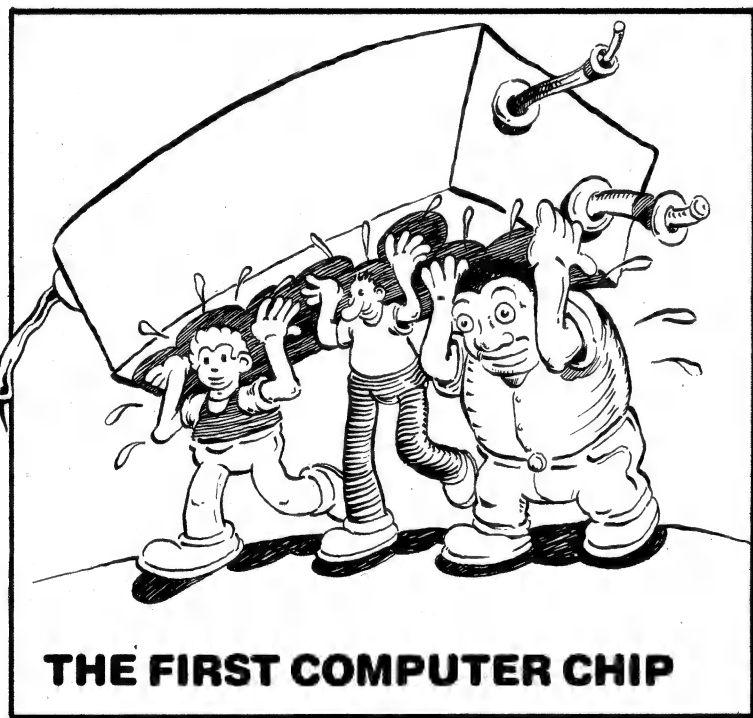
She looked into his gray eyes. She thought about it.

"Sound like a good idea?" he asked.

"How about it?" she replied.

GREAT Failures IN HISTORY

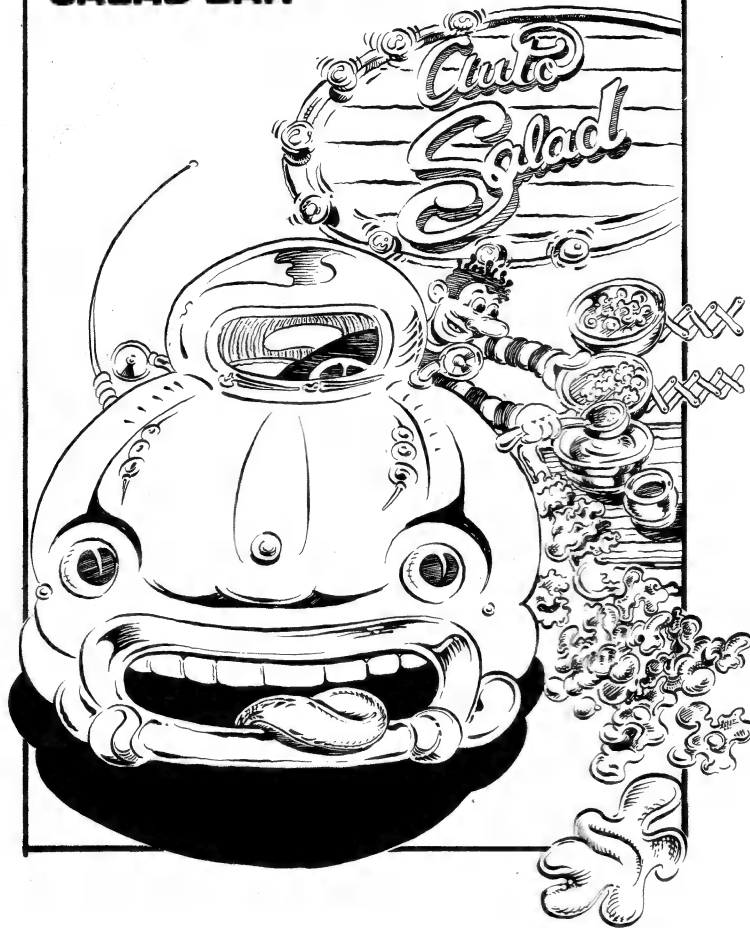
Illustration: Mark Samuels



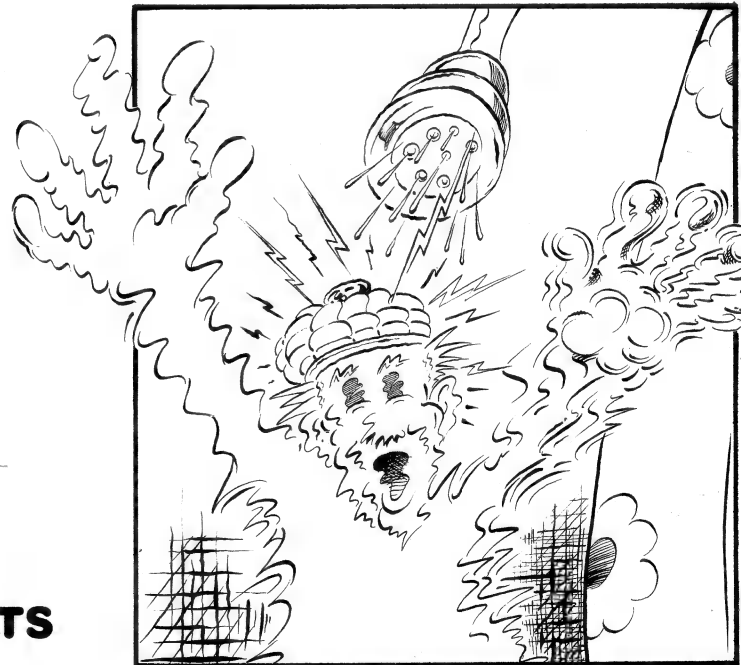
RADIO GAMES



THE DRIVE-THROUGH SALAD BAR



THE STRINGLESS YO-YO



THE RECHARGEABLE SHOWER CAP

NEWS ■ F O R ■ N E R D S

AMERICA'S ONLY NEWSLETTER FOR, BY, AND ABOUT NERDS

NERD HOBBY CORNER



Those Smile Buttons you've been collecting may become rare and valuable some day. Sure, you want to wear them every day to show them off. But it would be a lot wiser to keep them home. Mount them on colorful construction paper, and show them off when your friends come over.

And here's a very funny trick you can play with your Smile Buttons. Turn them upside down — and watch as the smiles all turn to frowns. Your friends will be amazed!

Now at Your Local Store....

NERD TRADING CARDS



Five cards per pack — with a premoistened wad of bubblegum you can keep behind your ear.

NERD HEALTH TIP

TIE A YELLOW RIBBON

We all enjoy going to Marie Osmond concerts. But let's face it — sometimes the excitement gets to be a little too much.

If you find yourself feeling faint or dizzy from the thrill of hearing Marie sing, simply bend over in your seat, put your head between your knees, and wait until you calm down.

Hint: Don't press your knees too tightly against your ears, or you won't be able to hear the concert.



Best way to get through a Marie Osmond concert.

NERDS IN THE NEWS



BARRY BERRIE shows off his collection of shirt pocket protectors, the largest collection in the world. "Wherever I go," says Barry, "I buy a pocket protector as a souvenir. Sure, they're beautiful — but they're also practical. Like most of my friends, I always have at least 25 or 30 pens and pencils clipped to my shirt pocket. I change my pocket protector every day, depending on the fashion look I want to present."



NORMAN NERD SAYS...

"Spread a little sunshine wherever you go. A wide, toothy grin on your face will start people smiling every time you enter a room. What's wrong with grinning all day long?! Not a ding-dong thing!"

Illustration: David Coulson

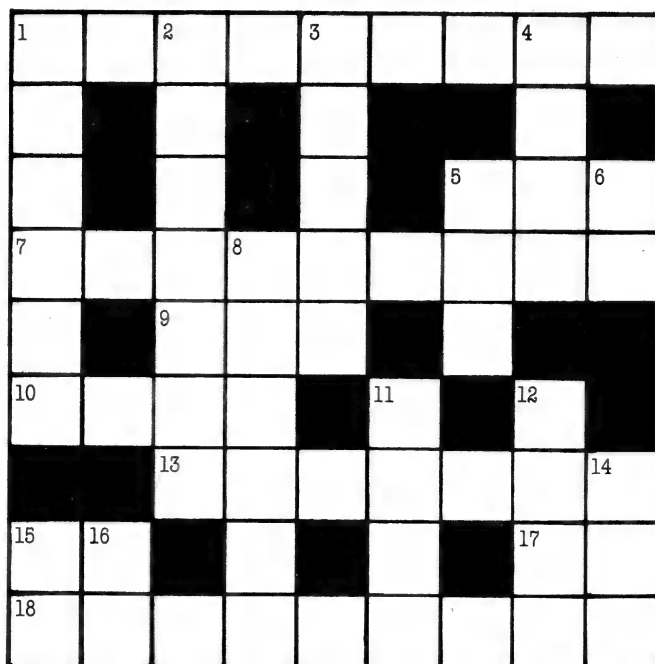
Maniac PUZZLE

Watch out!! The MANIAC Puzzle is trickier than most!

Some of the answers are punchlines to jokes. Some answers go in upside down or backwards. Some of the clues are trying to fool you. If you can do this crazy crossword without peeking at the answers, you're a true Puzzle MANIAC! (Answers are upside down.)

ACROSS

1. How you might describe a person who never receives any valentines.
5. Not quite enough space for this word.
7. This answer is complete silliness.
9. I've traveled over land and sea to find a way to cure my hunger (answer hidden in clue).
10. Help! Some of the suspects got away!
13. Did you plant those green vegetables right? They came out backwards!
15. Write these two letters in the morning.
17. "Give me an H!" Now let's hear a cheer.
18. They're not a part of you, but you can't speak without them.



Ka-Zar

DOWN

1. These animals are in stable condition.
2. How you might describe the target shooter who shot himself in the foot.
3. The best way to get a car without an engine to go 500 miles (two words).
4. Take these to make your drink last longer.
5. If you're ready, you need this before you can go.
6. Arnold Smith's initials.
8. What do you call a canine who runs around and around a track?
11. Climb up these mountains.
12. Ask yourself where you are, and this is always the answer.
14. If you turn the maple tree over, will this run upside down?
15. He came up short in Alabama.
16. She came up short in Maine.

ANSWERS: ACROSS — 1. heartless; 5. spa; 7. silliness; 9. eat; 10. susp; 13. sdopaep (peapods backwards); 15. A.M.; 17. ra (rah); 18. languages. DOWN — 1. horses; 2. aimless; 3. tow it; 4. tips; 5. set; 6. A.S.; 8. lapdog; 11. spla (alps upside down); 12. here; 14. pas (sap upside down); 15. Al; 16. Ma.

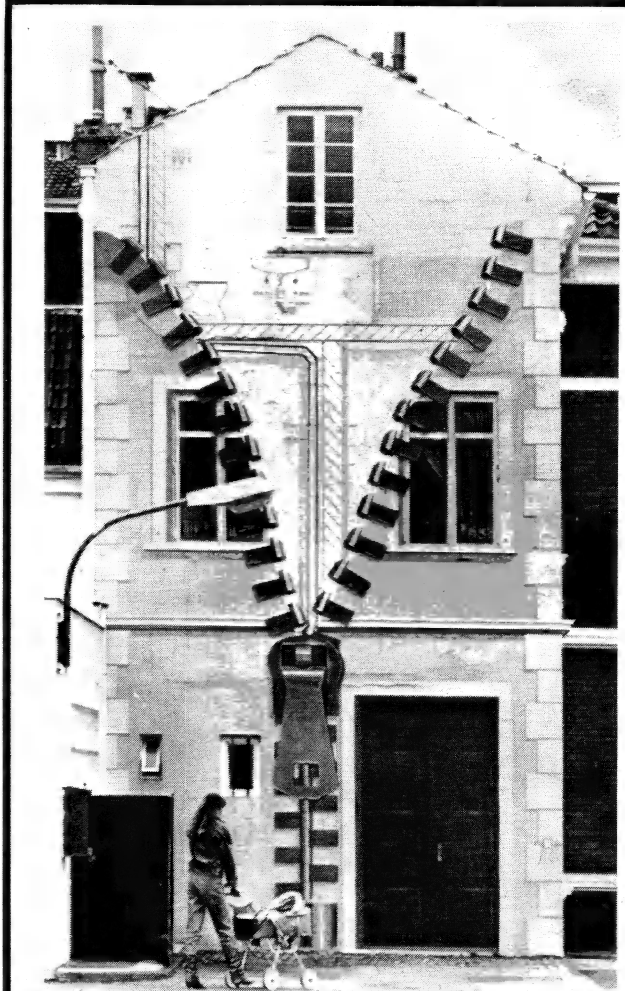
'TRUE MANIACS!

COMPLETELY TRUE STORIES OF MANIACS IN THE NEWS

Moon Knight



BIRD PEOPLE from the planet Pluto? No, just two models wearing some designer's idea of new-look sunglasses. Don't look for these shades at your local drugstore, though. The girl's are studded with rhinestones and cost a cool \$2,000. The guy is wearing a cheapo pair — only \$200.



HEY — YOU FORGOT to zip your house! It may look as if someone has found a new security measure to keep out thieves. But the zipper on this house in Bremen, West Germany, is actually just painted on.

DON'T TOSS OUT YOUR TRASH — wear it! That seems to be the message in these designer fashions, made from plastic trash bags. Designer J. Jeffrey Hill of Seattle made the fashions when a friend asked for "something different for a party." These dresses could really cheer you up — especially if you're down in the dumps!



WANT TO HEAR about John Edwards' moustache? Well, it's a long story. It's more than a yard long, actually. John is in the fruit business, which doesn't explain at all why he has such a long moustache.

A MANIAC EXCLUSIVE: First news photo of golfer attempting short putt with a two-ton rhino looking on.



Wolvening

WHEN IT COMES TO HITCHING a ride, Abe Rodgers is all thumbs. Abe hides his legs behind the suitcase and sticks out his styrofoam hand with wiggling thumb and hitch-hikes round the country. Does the hand always get him a ride? "No, actually, it doesn't," says Abe. "Somehow I get a lot more smiles than rides."



WHAT HAS TWO LEGS AND FLIES? Tiffanie McGrew of Gulfport, Mississippi. Tiffanie



is three years old and likes to pilot her parents' plane whenever she can.

WIN A SONY VIDEO TAPE RECORDER IN MANIAC'S MOST HAIR-RAISING CONTEST EVER!!

Here's a contest that will force you to use your head. It's the MANIAC Hairdo Contest. This is a contest for both girls and boys — anyone with (or without) hair.

First, brush up on the simple rules. . . .

1) Give yourself a MANIAC hairdo — the weirdest, wildest, silliest, most awesome, most *awful* hairdo you can do!

2) Do *not* cut your hair just for this contest. Do *not* color your hair without your parents' consent. Do *not* do anything that might damage your hair or head in any way. Our winners will be the ones who are most creative with a comb and brush — not the ones who wreck themselves for life!

3) Have a BEFORE snapshot taken of yourself. Then have an AFTER photo taken of you in your MANIAC hairdo. Mail both snapshots, along with your name and complete address, to:

**Hairdo Contest
MANIAC
730 Broadway
New York, New York 10003**

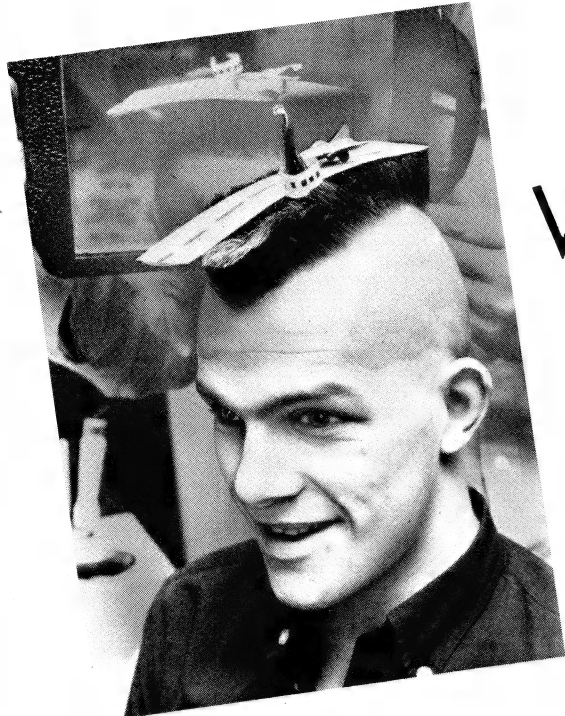
Our judges will comb through all the photos we receive by March 1, 1985. The winning photos will all be published in a future MANIAC.

Our grand prize winner will receive a fabulous SONY BETAMAX VIDEO TAPE RECORDER. Five runners-up will each receive a ZZ Top Keychain *and* an official MANIAC t-shirt.

Grand Prize: a SONY BETAMAX SL-2300!



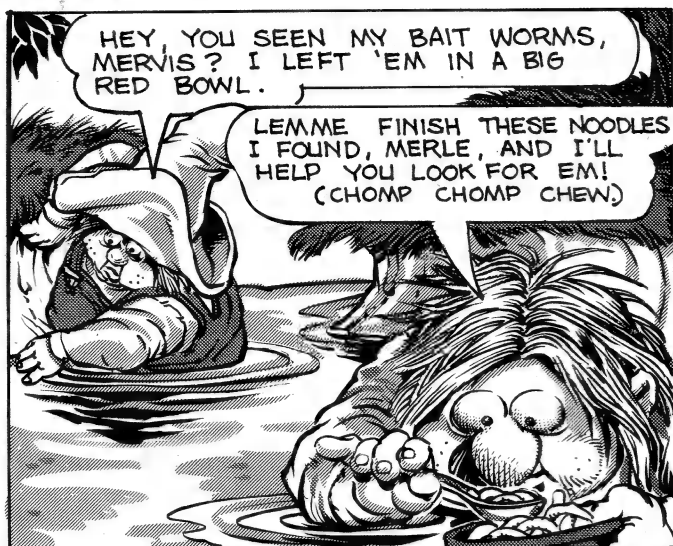
All photos become the property of MANIAC and cannot be returned. MANIAC can assume no responsibility for any damage you might inflict upon yourself while creating your hairdo — *so be careful!* (Contest void in states where prohibited.)



COMICS • COMICS • COMICS • COMICS

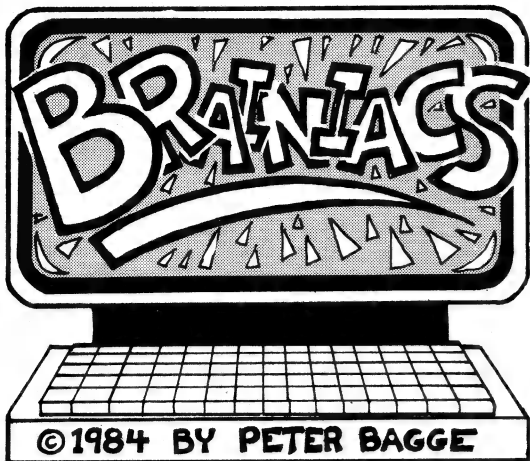
Join us now for
the adventures of
those two swamp rats,
Mervis and Merle,
down home in...

PIGHOLLOW

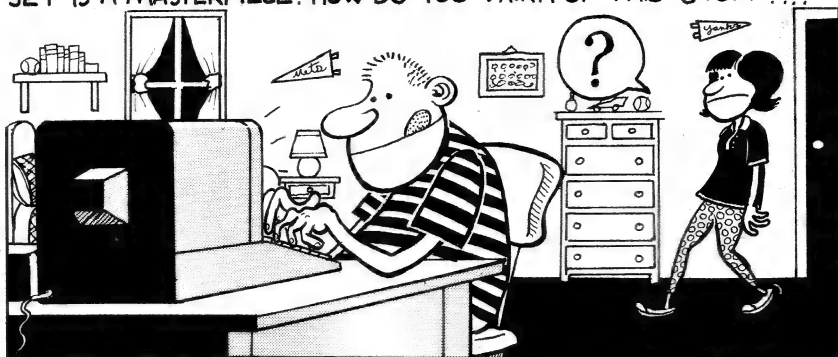


Sub-Manner





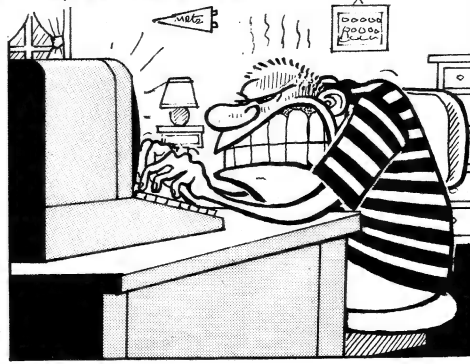
DEAR MR. BUDGE,
I THINK YOU ARE A REAL GENIUS! "PINBALL CONSTRUCTION SET" IS A MASTERPIECE! HOW DO YOU THINK UP THIS STUFF?...



Angel



P.S: I BET YOU'VE NEVER HAD TO LIVE WITH A **CHRISTOPHER ATKINS** FAN.



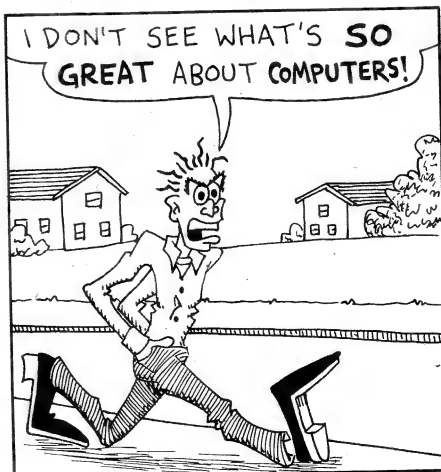
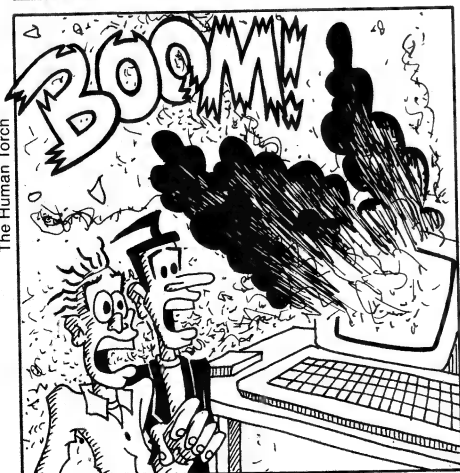
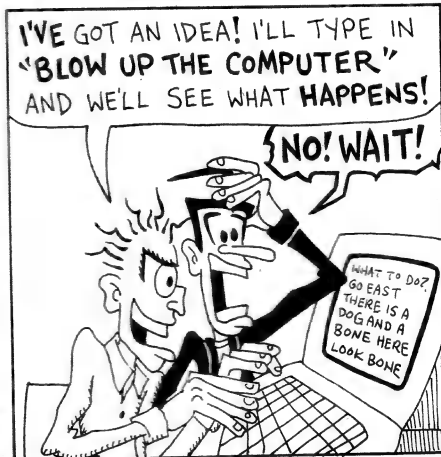
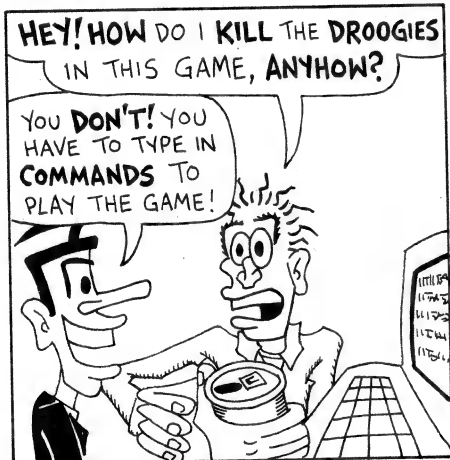
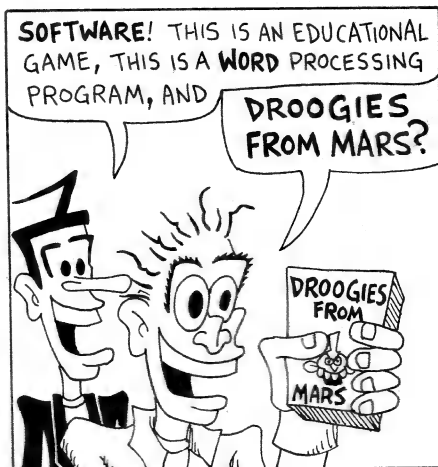
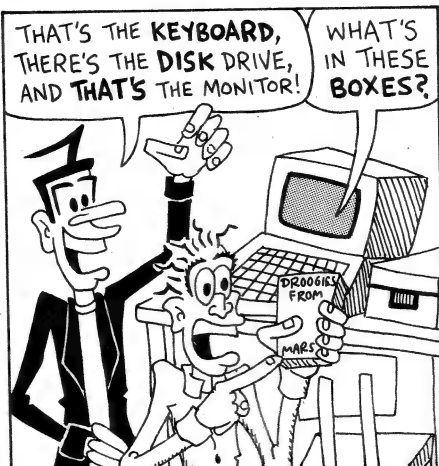
FIRST DATE



Ms. Marvel



Illustration: Alyse Newman



**EAT LIKE A MANIAC —
AND WIN A G.E. AM/FM STEREO CASSETTE
RECORDER!**

IT'S THE MANIAC SANDWICH CONTEST!



MAKE A MANIAC SANDWICH!
Make it the wildest, weirdest, craziest, biggest, tiniest, tastiest, yuckiest, most delicious, most disgraceful, indescribably maniacal sandwich you can!

THEN TAKE A SNAPSHOT OF YOU AND YOUR SANDWICH. Send the snapshot — plus the recipe for your sandwich — to us. (Do NOT send the sandwich. If you do, we'll make you wish you hadn't. We'll let it sit around for a month or two, and *then* send it back to you!) Be sure to include your complete name and address.

Mail your recipe and photo to:
**Sandwich Contest
MANIAC
730 Broadway
New York, New York
10003**

We'll publish all of the craziest, most unusual, most original photos and recipes in a future **MANIAC**. Our winner will receive a fabulous, four-speaker cassette recorder, courtesy of the good people at G.E. Five runners-up will each receive a **MANIAC** t-shirt. (Contest void in states where prohibited.)



This fabulous G.E. cassette recorder can be yours — if you dream up the **MANIAC** dream sandwich!



It's soap opera time, gang — time for romance, intrigue, and nasty doin's! Let's tune in now for the continuing story of...

The TEENS

at DEL • RAY • MALL

Written Especially for MANIAC by Montague Howlle

LAST EPISODE: Flip was working at his after-school job in the Burger Bucket when foxy Stacy Wayne walked in and invited him to a party. Forgetting his girl friend Ronni, Flip accepted the invitation. A few minutes later, all of the money from the cash register was missing — and the boss, Mr. Berger, was pointing an accusing finger at Flip.

Meanwhile across town, wealthy Clare Van Adams was having another battle with her snooty mother over Clare's somewhat punky boyfriend Jake. In a rage, Clare picked up a silver letter opener, raised it in the air, and moved toward her mother...

EPISODE 2: "A Stab of Regret"

Valkyrie

"Clare!" her mother cried, backing up. "Don't —"

Clare shook her head, the letter opener upraised, moving closer. "I can't take it anymore, Mother! You make fun of me — you make fun of Jake just because he's poor and has a drooling problem! Well, that's all over now!" Clare had been wanting to do this for a long time. Her only regret would be if she — missed. The shock of the blow jarring up her arm, she stared at the silver letter opener, now badly dented... imbedded in the bookshelves.

"You came closer *last week!*" her mother said. "And the week before, you even managed to nick my arm." She yanked the

letter opener out of the mahogany, rubbing the gouged wood. "You know, you might be more accurate with something a little longer. Like a barbecue fork. Or the fireplace poker." She glanced at the damaged letter opener. "No, don't try the poker — it's 18th-century hand-tooled silver."

"Mother," Clare said, "you never take me seriously!"

"Of course not," her mother said. "You're such a klutz! It's from hanging around with that clod Jake. He's so clumsy, he can't walk without an instruction booklet! Hahaha!"

Clare screamed in frustration. "I'll find a way to pay you back, Mother. I swear it! You'll be sorry!" She ran out of the room and down the long hall to the front door. She headed to the mall to find Jake.

Allison and Ronni sat on the bench across the mall from the Burger Bucket. "I'm telling you," Allison said. "I heard from a good source that Stacy is going to ask Flip out."

"I don't get it," Ronni said. "Ever since she moved here, Stacy has gone through every boy at Del Ray High. What do they see in her?"

"She's tall, she's blond, she's beautiful, she's smart, she's rich."

"Well, yeah," Ronni agreed. "But what do they *see* in her?"

"Look, there she goes!" Allison pointed across the mall. "I bet she's already asked him out! What are you going to do?"

"Nothing," Ronni said, fists tight. She watched Stacy saunter into Jeans R Us. "I trust Flip."

Allison stared at her. "You *can't* be serious! You have to go and

talk to him. *Confront him!*"

Ronni shook her head stubbornly. "I know Flip. He would never —"

"This is Stacy Wayne. Of *course* he would!"

"He would *never*," Ronni insisted. "You're just jealous because I have a boyfriend!"

"Yeah, well, *you're* just — oh, forget it." Allison stood up. "That's the last time I try to help *you*."

Angrily, she strode across the mall to Records-a-Rama.

Watching her go, Ronni felt a stab of regret. "I'm sure I'm right about Flip. I mean, I hope..." She slouched down, suddenly much less certain.

In the Burger Bucket, Mr. Berger stared into the open cash register. "All the money is gone," he said, stunned. "The entire day's receipts." He turned angrily to Flip.

"I know," Flip said. "I took it, Mr. Berger."

"What do you mean, *you* took it?" Mr. Berger scowled at him, his hand snaking toward the phone to call the police.

"I —" Flip swallowed. "Because of the two-for-one cheeseburger special, Mr. Berger. We made so much money today, and I thought — well, Pizza Hovel was robbed the day they had their two-for-one sale, and I thought — I put the money in the safe, Mr. Berger. To protect it."

The manager's eyes narrowed. "All of it?"

"Yes, sir. Except for what I'd need to make change."

Mr. Berger smiled. "Good work, Flip. I'm proud of you. You're a very smart young man." He stopped smiling. "It makes me even more sorry that I have to fire you."

"You *what*?" Flip asked. "But, why? Why?"

Clare got to the mall, and found Jake in the parking lot, sitting in a green Camaro.

"Jake, what are you doing in that car?" she asked, very surprised. "Where's your motorcycle?"

Jake grinned, then wiped away some saliva with his jacket sleeve. "You're not going to believe this. I was just cruising around after I left your house, feeling depressed because of the scene with your mother, and a guy in a green Camaro stops next to me. 'Hey, excellent wheels,' he says. 'Yeah, you too,' I said. Then, he says, 'You wanna trade?' I mean, the guy's totally serious. I said *sure*. He gets out, gives me the keys, and I give him my motorcycle. He took my address so he can send me the registration. Can you *believe* it? The guy swaps me this great car for that old motorcycle!"

"Wow," Clare said, impressed. Wait until her mother saw *this*. Her opinion of Jake would certainly change. "It's beautiful, Jake!"

Hearing a siren, she turned. A police car pulled up next to them. Two cops jumped out and ran over to the car. "You're under arrest, young man," one of them said.

"Jake!" Clare gasped.

"Is she with you?" the policeman asked. "Then, you're *both* under arrest."

"Why?" Jake asked, wiping his mouth with his sleeve. "Am I illegally parked?"

"This car was reported stolen four hours ago," the police officer said grimly, reaching for his handcuffs. "I'd advise you not to say anything else, son, until I read you your rights."

On Friday night, Ronni sat by the phone, waiting for Flip to call. They *always* went out on Friday nights. Except now it was getting late, and he still hadn't called. Could Allison be right?

"No," Ronni said aloud. "He would never do that to me." The phone rang and she grabbed it.

"Uh, hi," Flip said.



"How come you haven't called?" Ronni asked. "We were supposed to go out tonight."

"Well, yeah, I know," Flip said, "but — well, you see — my Uncle Ernie's dog has worms and I said I'd babysit with him, you know, to try and cheer him up a little."

Ronni closed her eyes. Not *that* old excuse!

"Um, look," Flip said. "I'm really sorry, but — well, you understand, right? About the dog?" He coughed. "I have to go. Bye." He hung up.

Ronni stared at the phone, clenching the receiver. "Allison was right!" she said, feeling a stab of regret. She slammed the phone down. "I'm not going to let him get away with this!"

Stacy's party was supposed to start at eight. Flip was ready by seven-thirty, dressed in his best crewneck and jeans. It wasn't as if he were doing anything wrong, he told himself. It was only a party, not a date. So Ronni had no right to be — he sighed. Flip felt a stab of regret. She had *every* right.

He drove around until almost eight-thirty, then parked in front of Stacy's house. For a party in full swing, the house seemed dark

and quiet, and the street was deserted. Could she have meant *Saturday* night? Uncertainly, he walked to the front door and rang the bell.

Stacy opened the door, sultry in a low-necked blouse and mini-skirt. "Hello there," she said huskily, soft, romantic music drifting out from the living room.

"Hi," Flip said, peering around her into the dimly lit hall. "Where is everyone?"

"Right here," she cooed.

"But I thought — you said you were having a party."

"A little one," she said, leading him into the living room where the lights were off and a fire was crackling away in the fireplace. "Two's just right for a party, isn't it?"

"You mean, we're the only —?"

"Yes," Stacy said, with a very seductive smile. "Come here, Flip. . ."

How will Clare explain to her mother about Jake and the stolen car? Why is Flip being fired? What does Ronni plan now that she knows Allison was right? Will Flip enjoy the party?

Be sure to tune in for EPISODE 3: "The Surprise Visitor" — next month in MANIAC #3.

MANIACS OF THE MONTH

Text: Jovial Bob Stine

Art: Bill Basso

BETTE YERLIFE:

Knows all the words to
Beethoven's Fifth
Symphony.



DUB L. MIN-TWINZ:

Once
sat in a blue-
berry pie for
three days be-
cause he thought
someone had
dared him to.



TAB COHLA:

Has programmed
his computer
to determine
when's the best
time to eat a
midnight snack.



SENTA PEAD: Spent two
years building a gigantic
six-foot toothpick out of
toothpicks.



JIM N. EAKRICKET:
Takes sleeping lessons
after school, but wants to
quit because it interferes
with his afternoon nap!





HOPE LES-FOOL: Eats only living things, because "They're fresher."



ZOOT KASE: Winner of the National Michael Jackson Non-Look-alike Contest. Zoot was voted the person who *least* looks like Micheal Jackson.

JUAN SAPONA-TYME: Likes to pull the neighborhood kids' teeth — for free!



OLLIE OXENFREE: Once dribbled a basketball from Chicago to Dallas, and no one noticed.



ART GUM-ERASER: Once tried to ski down Kareem Abdul Jabbar.



FILL OUT THE MANIAC SURVEY -

YOU MAY WIN AN ELECTRIC TYPEWRITER!

A lucky MANIAC reader will win this fabulous, Smith-Corona Enterprise portable electric typewriter, courtesy of the good people at Smith-Corona. Here's all you have to do to have a chance of winning:

Fill out this short survey. Please be honest — we really want to know what you think. Send it in to us at this address:

Survey #2
MANIAC
730 Broadway
New York, NY 10003

On March 1, 1985, we'll reach into our giant mailbag and pull out one survey at random. That lucky Maniac will be announced in a future issue and will receive the Smith-Corona electric typewriter. Five runners-up will then be pulled out of the mailbag. They will each receive a MANIAC t-shirt. Good luck! (Contest void in states where prohibited.)



1) I am a ___boy; ___girl. Age: ___

2) I got this copy of MANIAC from: ___TAB Book Club; ___ARROW Book Club; ___Store or newsstand.

3) Please list your two favorite music performers or groups:

4) Please list your two favorite TV shows:

5) What famous person would you like to see on a MANIAC pull-out poster?

6) What was your favorite feature in this MANIAC?

7) What was your least favorite feature in this MANIAC?

8) Now, please rate the articles and features in this MANIAC. We want to know what you really liked and really didn't like — so please be honest.

Use this rating system:

4 — I really liked it a lot.

3 — It was pretty good.

2 — I thought it was only fair.

1 — I thought it was poor.

0 — I skipped it. I didn't read it.

a) ___ MANIAC Top 40

b) ___ MANIAC Treasure Hunt Contest

c) ___ Shopping Guide (p. 4)

d) ___ Give Me A BREAK!

e) ___ Pen Pal Exchange

f) ___ Interview: Scott Baio

g) ___ Indiana Jones Bloopers & Outtakes

h) ___ Superhero Search Contest

i) ___ Pajama Party

j) ___ Eavesdropper's Page

k) ___ MANIAC Slogan Contest

l) ___ Dear Miss Maniac...

m) ___ Movie Satire: *Grimlins*

n) ___ Eurythmics Poster

o) ___ Def Leppard Poster

p) ___ Short Story: *The Big Turn-Down*

q) ___ Great Failures

r) ___ News for Nerds

s) ___ MANIAC Crossword Puzzle

t) ___ True Maniacs

u) ___ Hairdo Contest

v) ___ Pig Hollow Comic

w) ___ Brainiacs Comic

x) ___ First Date Comic

y) ___ Joe Comic

z) ___ MANIAC Sandwich Contest

aa) ___ Soap Opera: *Teens at Del Ray Mall*

bb) ___ Maniacs of the Month

cc) ___ Puffed Air Ad

dd) ___ MANIAC Stickers

Name _____

Street Address _____

City, State & Zip _____

Are You the Maniac In Your Crowd?



Then make it official— with the **OFFICIAL MANIAC CERTIFICATE!**

Tell the world you're a Maniac — and proud of it! The **OFFICIAL MANIAC CERTIFICATE** comes with your name emblazoned on it in beautiful, lasting typewriter ink. It's suitable for framing or hiding in a drawer. And for a limited time only (the next 20 years) — it's absolutely **FREE!**

Here's how to get your free certificate:

Go to the refrigerator and take out a slice of American cheese. Tear the cheese in half, then in quarters, then in eighths. Toss the pieces

of cheese up above your head and yell, "Hiya!"

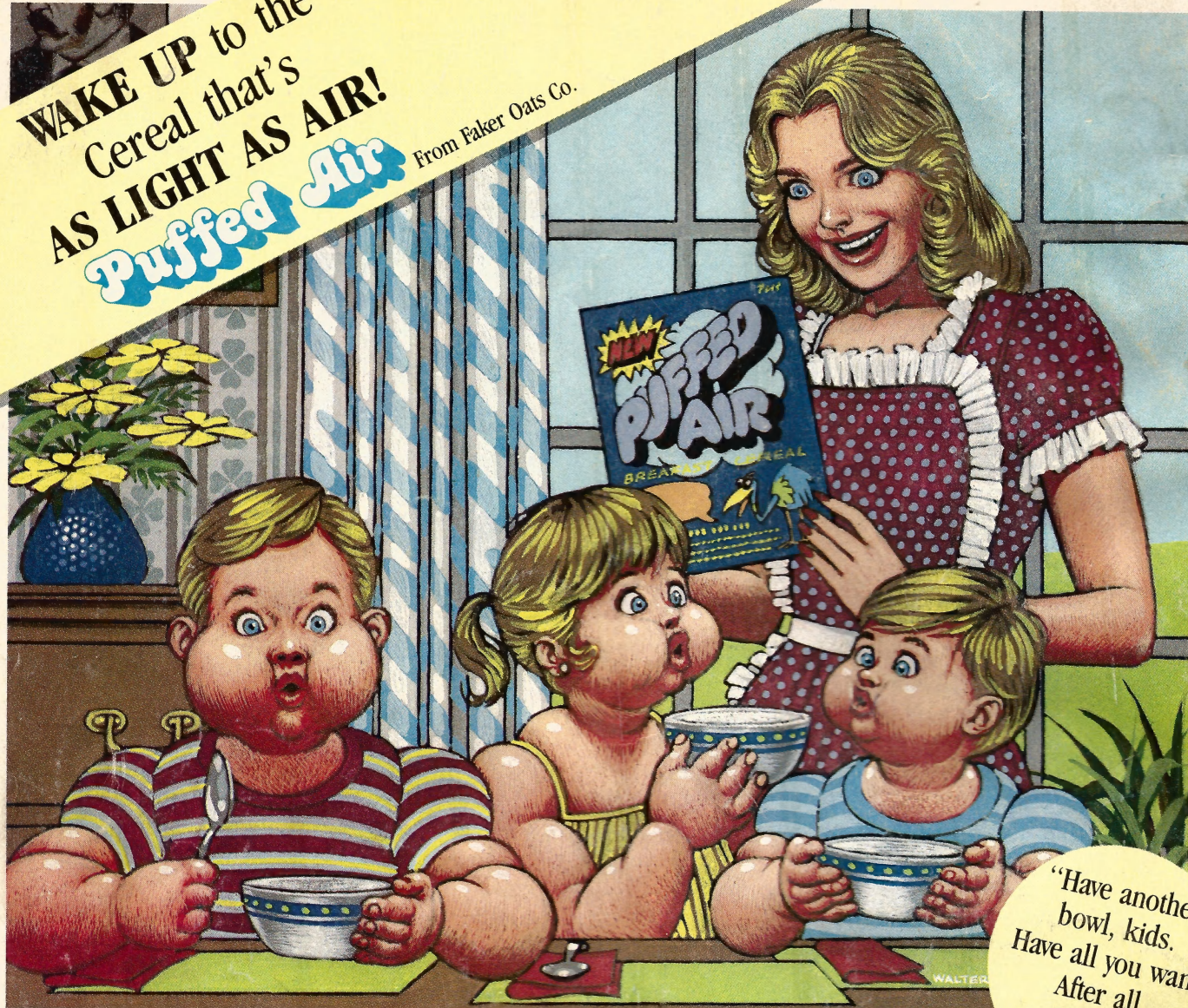
Then send a card or letter, with your name and complete address neatly printed on it, to:

Maniac Certificate
MANIAC
730 Broadway
New York, New York 10003

We'll rush you your **OFFICIAL MANIAC CERTIFICATE** (or a slice of cheese) by return mail!

**WAKE UP to the
Cereal that's
AS LIGHT AS AIR!**
Puffed Air

From Faker Oats Co.



"Have another
bowl, kids.
Have all you want.
After all,
it's only
air!"

PUFFED AIR fills you up — without filling you up!

Nine out
of ten doctors
agree
that air is
good for
you!

Also from FAKER OATS CO.:
PUFFED DUST and **PUFFED SUNSHINE**

And
Introducing

